

## Remnant Tales

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Summary: A collection of one shots placed in the canon setting of RWBY. Chapter 1: Cover Up - After the fight on the highway with Roman, Blake finds out that her partner is hiding something.

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**\*\*Description\*\*\*\*:** After the fight on the highway with Roman, Blake finds out that her partner is hiding something.\*\*

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**\*\*Please enjoy.\*\***

Blake awoke groggily. The events of the night weighing heavily on her mind. The fight with Roman was a rather unexpected outcome of the simple search for information on the White Fang. She still couldn't understand why the group was taking orders from Roman. From a human. It went against what the group was about. They wanted nothing more than the destruction of the humans, putting the faunus on top. It made no sense.

Deciding to walk off the thoughts, Blake sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed. She reached for her bow. She didn't need others seeing that she was a faunus. She had just become comfortable not wearing it in the confines of her dorm, with her teammates. She found that it was not on her nightstand in it's usual spot. Maybe she left it the bathroom after her shower.

Standing up, ducking slightly to avoid hitting her head on Yang's bunk, the amber eyed girl moved towards the bathroom. Opening the door, she was greeted with the bright lights of room. Squinting as her eyes adjusted to the sudden change, she found her partner standing there. Once her eyes adjusted, she looked Yang over,

startled by what she saw.

Yang was standing in front of the bathroom counter, presumably looking into the mirror. She was lifting her shirt revealing most of her torso that had a large purple and black mark covering most of the left side of her body. That wasn't the only mark though. Her arms were also covered in small cuts and bruises. Her face had a large bruise covering her right eye and cheek. Her knuckles were wrapped in bandages and a few more marks were scattered around her body. She looked like a walking punching bag. Which made sense, she did get punched through a five foot concrete support pillar by a giant mech suit. Even with aura and her semblance, that would still leave a mark.

Blake stood there, her mouth slightly agape, staring at the blonde. Yang's face twisted slightly as she looked back at Blake. "Ah shit. I forgot to lock the door."

Blake tried to find words to try and form a response, but nothing came. She just ended up opening and closing her mouth a few times. She needed to see a doctor. The wounds looked pretty bad. "Yang, you need to see a doctor. Like now."

"Blake," The blonde said, lowering her shirt. "I'm fine, really." She held her hands up defensively. Blake could only stare at the large mark on the girl's face.

"No, Yang. You aren't. I'm taking you to see the nurse." Blake turned to walk out, completely forgetting about her bow. Her teammate needed medical attention and it was obvious she wasn't going to seek it herself. The entire school staff already knew she was a faunus anyway. It was on her transcripts, so it wouldn't matter if they saw. On top of that, there probably wouldn't be any students walking around this late.

As Blake was about to walk out of the room, she felt Yang stop her. "The hell you are. I don't need a doctor."

Blake turned back to her partner. Yang's lips were pressed in a firm line. She seemed rather serious about this. "Why not, Yang?" Blake spoke in a defensive tone. She cared a lot more for her partner than she let on. Yang just had that effect on her. She wasn't about to let Yang do something as stupid as neglect her own well being.

Yang let go of Blake, looking away slightly. "I don't want people thinking I'm weak. I don't want people to look at these marks and think that I'm a weak punching bag. I'm a fighter."

The faunus' face twisted into a confused look. She, and everyone else in their year, knew that the blonde was anything but weak. She probably packed the most raw power out of anyone in their class. She didn't need her weapons to be strong. They just help speed up the process. The look in Yang's eyes said she thought otherwise though. Right now, she saw herself as weak. She was in pain and it hurt to move, making her feel helpless in a sense. In her mind, the strong don't feel pain.

Blake soon nodded. This was obviously something Yang was uncomfortable about. She shouldn't push her. It also wasn't actually really hurting anyone. They were only students.

"Can you not tell anyone about this, please Blake?" Yang pleaded. She sounded almost desperate, sad even.

Nodding again, Blake agreed. "Yeah. I'll keep this between us." Yang gave the faunus a soft smile as she turned to leave the blonde to finish inspecting her wounds and covering them up. It hurt her that Yang wasn't willing to get herself looked at. So maybe it was hurting someone. Laying back down, Blake stayed awake until she heard Yang come back to her bunk. The blonde let out a small groan of pain as she climbed into her bunk, causing the raven haired girl to wince slightly. Once she began to hear Yang's soft snores above her, she felt it was safe to try and fall asleep. It did not come easy though.

The next morning, as the team was getting ready, she kept a careful eye on her partner. The blonde's movement wasn't as fluid and seamless as it usually was. She didn't have the usual sway in her hips when she walked. She walked more tight and rigid, a sign that she was clearly in pain. Even her eyes expressed it. Her usual bright, lilac eyes seemed dull, like she was focusing on not showing her pain. It left a sour taste in her mouth seeing her partner in pain and not helping her.

As much as she hated it, Blake decided to respect Yang's request and not tell anyone. Instead she chose to focus on something else entirely. She let all her time and attention instead focus on something else. She put all her effort into the search for Roman and the White Fang, trying to dig up any information she could.

End  
file.